

Reel 166B

- 1-5 Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door, sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, singer of all songs on B side; 4 vs. & cho. late song, not folk
- 5-8 Captain Kidd ; 8 vs. good variant as far as it goes, and sung to usual tune
- 8-9 Castles In the Air; Scotch lullaby; 6 vs. sung in dialect; very nice; also have it on L.C. record 9B3
- 9-17 Story of Life and Death Among the Talaylurit Tribe; Capt. Cates has been intimately associated with West Coast Indians for most of his life as his father before him, and he intends to write a book on their legends; Indian names have been left blank on the typewritten copy but may be heard on the tape.
- 17-21 Alphabet Song ; 6 vs. & cho. slightly different from east coast versions; good; this is my 10th variant
- 21-22 The Carrion Crow; 5 vs. & cho. good version slightly different from 6 other variants in N.S.
- 22-25 C.P.R. Song; made up when C.P.R. line was built; Capt. Cates thinks it is very rare to-day; is parody on some older song popular at that time, and pokes fun at remittance men.
- 25-27 Bold Mannon; 5½ long verses of pirate song; cruel story to rather monotonous tune; are more verses singer did not record, possibly because story worsens; have another version without music from Clark's Harbour
- 27-28 The Four Robbers; 2 vs. & cho. of very old song, probably ballad, brought over by the Cates family from England in 1623; have not yet identified it.
- 28-end The Banks of Newfoundland; 2 vs. only; tune is entirely different but this may be a variant of song of same name in SBNS p.221; nice as far as it goes.

There's a story handed down from Irish history
Long before the days of great Brian Berhu(?)
That the best of luck will always wait upon you
If on the road you find a horse's shoe

Cho.

So gather your family round on Sunday morning,
And let the babies roll upon the floor,
And one and all I'll give you timely warning,
Oh never take the horseshoe from the door.

2

Now when I had my first domestic trouble
'Twas with the darlin' wife that I adore,
She would gather a bunch of her relations round her
And then I'd find my horseshoe on the floor.

3

Now I'm not a man that's very superstitious,
But relations got me in the devil's stew,
Till I gathered up my courage and I whaled them,
And it came from finding of me horse's shoe. Cho.

4

Now I'll give yez all a bit of consolation,
You husbands there they're keepin' up a crew,
Of a lazy set of vagabond relations,
And present you with an iron Horse's shoe. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, August 1956.

My name was Captain Kidd as I sailed, as I sailed,
 My name was Captain Kidd as I sailed,
 My name was Captain Kidd and God's laws I did forbid
 And most wicked things I did as I sailed.

2

I'd a Bible in my hand as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I'd a Bible in my hand as I sailed,
 I'd a Bible in my hand by my father's last command
 But I sunk it in the sand as I sailed.

3

My mate took sick and died as I sailed, as I sailed,
 My mate took sick and died as I sailed,
 My mate took sick and died and over him I cried,
 Then I threw him o'er the side as I sailed.

4

I murdered William Moore as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I murdered William Moore as I sailed,
 I murdered William Moore and I left him in his gore
 Not many leagues from shore as I sailed.

5

I saw three ships from France as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I saw three ships from France as I sailed,
 I saw three ships from France and on them I did advance
 And I took them all by chance as I sailed.

6

I had thirty bars of gold as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I had thirty bars of gold as I sailed,
 I had thirty bars of gold and riches manifold
 But my wealth was uncontrolled as I sailed.

7

I met two ships at seas as I sailed, as I sailed,
 I met two ships at sea as I sailed,
 I met two ships at sea and from them I tried to flee
 But they did capture me as I sailed.

8

So I was taken at last as I sailed, as I sailed,
 So I was taken at last as I sailed,
 So I was taken at last and in prison I was cast,
 Now my sentence has been passed ~~xxxxxxx~~ I must die.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver and
 recorded at Bedford by Helen Creighton, August 1956.

Castles In the Air

Reel 166B8-9

bonny

A bonny bairn sits pokin' in the aise,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee chubby face,
Laughin' at the fuffin lough, what sees he there?
Oh the wee bit covens big and castles in the air.

2

Wi' his round chubby face and tousky curly pow,
He's laughin' and noddin' at the dancin' lough,
He'll brown his rosy cheeks and singe his sunny hair
Glowerin' at the impies big and castles in the air.

3

He's sees muckle castles towerin' tae the moon,
He sees wee soldiers pullin' them all doon,
Whirls are whamelin' up and down risin' in the flair,
See how he loops as they glimmer in the air.

4

Sae sage he looks, what does the laddie ken?
He kens mighty little like many mighty men,
Sae little makes him think and such small things make him stare,
There's mair folk than laddie makin' castles in the air.

5

Sic a night in winter will sure mak' him cold,
His hand upon the buffey and will soon make him old,
Oh let the wee'un alone, oh daddy have a care,
Let him sit and dream wi' his castles in the air.

6

He'll glower at the fire and peek at the light,
For many bright stars are swallowed up at night,
There's mair folk than him are dazzled wi' a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air.

x7xx

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
recorded at Bedford by Helen Creighton, August 1956

a fuffin lough is a flame; some of the other words had to be
guessed and may not be entirely correct.

Question: What is this Captain Cates that the Indians say about ghosts?

Answer: Well they say that have what they call the haahtin the Salice(?) languages, good and is a spirit. They say the made the world first, and then he finally - and this is a strang thing - he apparently made man in his own image. But when he got him completed all he would do was to move ahead just a little bit and move back, like a slug apparently. He didn't have any energy at all. So the was very disappointed and he felt himself all over, because this thing was made in his own image, and he noticed that everywhere he felt his own body he felt the which is the heart. So he decided that was the matter with this plasm like creature, so he cut a hole in the breast and put a in. As soon as he did that the thing became a very fierce ferocious beast. It would spring and run and kill, but it was anything but godlike. So the was still dissatisfied and very disappointed so he eventually took and decided the thing must have something in the head, so he took the that is the soft spot in the person's head. He opened it up there and he put in the knowledge of everything in the world, the fishes, and the birds, and the beasts and then when he was just getting ready to finish he took his own spirit and put it in, and from that time on the Indians say man can either be a beast or a god because you are both. If you want to be beastlike you can certainly be beastlike; if you want to be godlike, you can be godlike. I'm quite convinced it's correct. They call that that is the soul that a man has and a beast has not, and that gave him the right to be able to go and go away by himself.

They have what they call when they go away by themselves. They still have them. A man will get an urge to become more or less priestlike, what they call a and he would go away by himself and have that and after a while all the godly things of the world will come to you. That's what the Indians say. Now it's too long a story to go on and on about this thing, but the wind in the trees, the sound of the water in a brook, the song of the birds, everything is music to the Indian and he after a while would get a rhythm of things in the world which they call that is a medicine man's music which he uses to cure people.

Now in the world, according to the Indian, are the spirits of all the things which the medicine man calls his , like snaa-m. The snaa-m was figured in in this that he would eventually see that the spirit of the bear or sometime the spirit of the clouds or the spirit of the wind was in tune with his spiritual being. Then if anyone got sick, so sick that they

that they were going to die, they had what they called their
. The was the soul when it had
left the body, not . That was when they were
linked together, but the was when it went away.

Some of these old women, you know, we have them
in British Columbia, they have these little small owls. I think
they call them . In our Indian language we call
them and one of these old people was sitting at
night, maybe dark, in ~~xxx~~ an Indian house and one of these little
owls would go bubble bubble you know, and this old woman would say,

that is not a , that's a spirit. And they would
be able to see these spirits. And a he would take
his and he would get in a kind of cone shaped
shield thing made out of rushes , a rush mat, and
he would start singing this song until he would collapse.
Then he got what he would call . He would go beyond
the grave. That's beyond the grave, and
when he would go beyond the grave he would meet the spirits
of the bear and that, these . They in turn would
get this sick soul that had gone out of you, your
that had already gone and died although you were already walking
around, you were going to die, they would bring this back from
the nether world, bring it to you, he had what they called
. That was the power that he had to put that
sick soul back in your body and he would cure you. Now I don't
know whether you'd call that a ghost story, but that is how they
worked it. They would say about these they would
see this , and the ordinary people were very
worried when they would see a without its body
because they knew someone was going to die.

West Coast Indian legend told by Capt. Chas. Cates,
Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded by Helen Creighton in
Bedford, August 1956.

A is the anchor that holds our bold ship,
 B is the bowsprit that often does dip,
 C is the capstan on which we do wind,
 And D is the davits on which the jolly boat hangs.

Cho.

Ho hi derry hey derry ho derry down,
 Give sailors their grog and there's nothing goes wrong,
 So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
 No matter who's laughing at sailors at sea.

2

E is the ensign, the red white and blue,
 F is the forecastle holds the ship's crew,
 G is the gangway on which the mate takes his stand,
 And H is the hawser that seldom does strand. Cho.

3

I is the irons where the sternsail boom ships,
 J is the jibboom that often does dip,
 K is the keelsons of which you've heard told,
 And L are the lanyards that always will hold. Cho.

4

M is the mainmast so stout and so strong,
 N is the needle that never points wrong,
 O are the orders which we must beware
 And P are the pumps which cause sailors to swear. Cho.

5

Q is the quadrant, the sun for to take,
 R is the riggin' that always does shake,
 S is the starboard side of our bold ship,
 And T is the topmasts that often ~~xxxxxxx~~ do split. Cho.

6

U is the ugliest old captain of all,
 V is the vapour that comes with a squall,
 W is the windlass on which we do wind,
 And X, Y and Z why I can't put in rhyme. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956.

The Carrion Crow

Reel 166B21-24

An old carrion crow was sitting on an oak,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle, hey ding do,
Watching a tailor cutting out a coat,
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol the riddle, all the riddle, hey ding do.
Cho.

Kimi~~he~~aro, kil my kearo,
Kimilearo kimo,
To me hump bump bump jump Polly wolly lee,
kikiyx Linko killy cum kimo.

2

"Wife oh wife bring me my cross bow
That I may shoot yon carrion crow," etc. Cho.

3

Oh the tailor shot and he missed his mark
And he shot the miller's sow right through the heart. Cho.

4

" Oh wife oh wife bring brandy in a spoon
For the miller's old sow is in a swoon." Cho.

5

The old sow died and the bells did toll
And the little pigs they all prayed for her soul. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August, 1956

Oh a life on the prairie shack
 When the rain begins to pour,
 Drip drip it comes through the roof
 And some come through the door.
 The tenderfoot curses his fate
 And faintly mutters Ah,
 This blooming country's a fraud
 And I want to go home to my ma.

Cho.

Ma-ah, ma-ah, I want to go home to my ma,
 This blooming country's a fraud
 And I want to go home to my ma.

2

He'll try to light a fire
 At twenty degrees below,
 He made a lick at a stick
 And he amputated his toe,
 And as he crawled in his shack
 Was heard to mutter Ah,
 This blooming country's a fraud
 And I want to go home to my ma. Cho.

3

He saddled his fiery cayoose
 Determined to flourish rum
 The critter began to buck
 And threw him off on the ground,
 And as he picked himself up
 He was heard to mutter Ah,
 This blooming country's a fraud
 And I want to go home to my ma. Cho.

4

Now all ye tender feet list
 Before you go too far,
 If you haven't a government sit
 You'd better stay where you are,
 And if you listen to me
 Then you will not mutter Ah,
 This blooming country's a fraud
 And I want to go home to my ma. Cho.

The story is, my father worked all across the praries on the C.P.R. and I have an idea it's a prarie song. It's a little bit of a parody on some of these English remittance men that were trying to make a go of it on the praries in the early days.

Sung by Capt. Charles Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at Halifax.

Capt. Cates says this song was probably made up when the C.P.R. was built in the west and it is very popular to this day in a bunch of men.

Bold Mannon went to sea one day,
 A foggy day it was, too,
 The air was thick as buttermilk
 And filled with morning dew,
 All day he sailed upon the sea
 And ploughed the stormy main,
 He never stopped the whole day long
 Until he reached the Fame,

2

He hove right down upon her
 And ran up alongside,
 And with his speaking trumpet,
 "Where are you from?" he cried,
 "Our ship's the Fame from New York,
 For London she is bound,
 Our captain's name is William Craig,
 A native of that town.

3

"You lie, you lie," cries Mannon,
 "For no such thing can be,
 So drop your topsails on your caps
 And sheer down under our lee,"
 Now thæ these frightened seamen
 Not knowing what to do
 They hove their mainyards to the mast
 And hove their good ship to.

4

Some were clubbed and some were shot
 And some they cut their throats,
 But the worst of all was two poor boys,
 They drowned in a boat,
 And then these awful pirates
 They ransacked everything
 Until they came to a lady fair
 Down in the main cabin.

5

Now some they cursed and some they swore
 They'd have her for their wife,
 But up rushed bold Mannon
 Saying, "I will end this strife."
 He rushed upon this poor maid
 Without any fear or dread,
 And seized the maiden by the hair
 And slashed off her head.

6

Now then these awful pirates,
 Not thinking what they'd done,
 They went down in the main saloon
 And merrily they sung.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,
 and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at Bedford.
 There is more, or perhaps it gets worse. He says it is a true
 story and that there was a Craig on each ship. The mate of Mannon's
 ship was brother to the captain of the other, or perhaps one of
 the crew.

The Four Robbers

Reel 166B27-28

And four bold bad robbers came riding o'er the hill
To me fol de rue, fol de rue, right fol the ray.

2

Now the gentleman shot one of them and that right speedilee,
And his pretty fair damosel she shot the other three ,
To me fol de rue, fol de rue, right fol the ray.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at Bedford.

Overhaul, overhaul, on your Davy tackle fall,
Overhaul, overhaul, overhaul,
She's a whale, she's a whale, and she blows at every span
On the banks of Newfoundland.

2

Oh I'll tear up my petticoats,
Make mittens for his hands,
Before I'll see my true love freeze
On the banks of Newfoundland.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at Bedford.

Compare SBNS p.221